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# Allegiances: WindClan

**Leader:**
Boulderstar - pale gray tom

**Deputy:**
Rabbitfoot - lean light brown tabby tom with unusually large paws

**Medicine Cat:**
Hawktalon - big dark brown tabby tom with a long, disfiguring scar on his belly
*Apprentice,* Aspenpaw

**Warriors:**
Swiftcloud - pretty silvery tabby she-cat with white paws
*Apprentice,* Gorsepaw

Frostfall - sleek-furred white she-cat with striking deep blue eyes

Duststripe - large gray tom with dusty brown tabby stripes
*Apprentice,* Harepaw

Heatherflower - thick-pelted pale gray she-cat
*Apprentice,* Skypaw

Thistleheart - mottled dark gray tom with a flash of white on his chest

Bushfur - black she-cat with fur that constantly sticks in all directions

Breezestep - swift-pawed ginger tom with leaf-green eyes

Frostbite - white she-cat with pale gray stripes and unusual violet eyes, former rogue

Whisperfoot - skinny dark brown tom with small white paws

Sandshine - beautiful golden she-cat with sandy-colored tabby

stripes

**Apprentices:**
Aspenpaw - small pale brown tabby tom with deep hazel eyes

Gorsepaw - spiky-furred dark gray-and-white tom

Harepaw - lean light brown tabby tom

Skypaw - agile white she-cat

**Queens:**
Lightflash - beautiful yellow tabby she-cat with emerald eyes
(KITS: Runningkit, Crescentkit)

Cloudsky - very small pale gray she-cat with white patches on her fur
(KITS: Dawnkit, Snowkit)

Quickmist - pretty dark tortoiseshell she-cat with a distinctive dappled coat
(Expecting Whisperfoot's kits)

**Elders:**
Rocktooth - dark gray tom with teeth that are yellow and cracked with age

Sparkcloud - orange tabby she-cat, retired early due to blindness in one eye

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**Here is the first page for Dawnstar's Lie! I should have ThunderClan and ShadowClan's allegiances up in the next three hours or so . . . and then RiverClan will be right after that. Give me feedback on the names of the cats and their appearances; your opinions are greatly appreciated -- as long as they are polite of course. ;)**

***"Let your inner cat shine through!"***
***-WarriorCatsCollab***

# Allegiances: ThunderClan

**Leader:**
Stagstar - mottled brown tom with amber eyes

**Deputy:**
Ivyshine - white and silver tabby she-cat with deep blue eyes
*Apprentice,* Mousepaw

**Medicine Cat:**
Dovefeather - elegant pale gray she-cat with darker gray streaks

**Warriors:**
Lionpelt - magnificent golden tabby tom with leaf-green eyes
*Apprentice,* Oakpaw

Mossberry - large dappled light gray tom

Poppyheart - fox red she-cat with a bushy, white-tipped tail
*Apprentice,* Goldenpaw

Thrushwing - thick-furred tabby tom with yellow eyes
*Apprentice,* Squirrelpaw

Owlfeather - creamy brown she-cat with huge golden eyes

Barknose - mottled dark brown tom

Swoopclaw - dark gray tom with very long front claws

Dappleshade - beautiful tortoiseshell she-cat with white paws

Berryspark - small cream-furred tom with very pale blue eyes

Shadetail - black tom with dark gray stripes and yellow eyes

Fallenfrost - silver she-cat with white flecks all over her pelt

**Apprentices:**

Mousepaw - pale gray tom with small ears and a long, thin tail

Oakpaw - pale brown tabby she-cat with deep hazel eyes

Goldenpaw - slender yellow tabby she-cat

Squirrelpaw - bright ginger furred she-cat with a fluffy tail

**Queens:**
Larkfeather - dark cream she-cat with two white forepaws
(KITS: Sparrowkit, Applekit)

Whitetail - small white she-cat
(KITS: Cherrykit, Rosekit)

Brackencloud - orange tabby she-cat with extremely soft fur
(Expecting Dappleshade's kits)

**Elders:**
Weedfoot - mottled dark brown tom with black paws

Sweetscent - beautiful silver tabby she-cat with deep blue eyes

* * *

**Here is my second page of today! I should have ShadowClan finished in a bit. Enjoying the story so far? Good! I hoped you would.**
***"Let your inner cat shine through!"***
***-WarriorCatsCollab***

# Allegiances: ShadowClan

**Leader:**
Nettlestar - black and ginger she-cat with piercing emerald eyes

**Deputy:**
Thornscar - dark gray tom with many thin scratches covering his ragged pelt

**Medicine Cat:**
Pricklepad - pale orange tom with a distinctive scar on his foreleg
*Apprentice,* Pinepaw

**Warriors:**
Spiderfang - black tom with a reddish-brown underbelly
*Apprentice,* Lizardpaw

Talonfoot - dark brown tabby tom with unnaturally large paws

Frogheart - dark cream tom
*Apprentice,* Cedarpaw

Newtface - mottled white she-cat with a ginger face and ginger legs

Marshsplash - pale brown tabby tom with darker splotches
*Apprentice,* Fogpaw

Darkmist - smoky gray, almost black, tabby tom with deep green eyes

Houndfang - pale gray tom with extremely sharp yellow teeth

Hex - black she-cat with a gray underbelly and unnatural purple eyes, former rogue

Nightshadow - sleek black she-cat with misty pale blue eyes

Mudpelt - tortoiseshell tom with fur that constantly stands on end

**Apprentices:**
Pinepaw - fox red tom with dark brown stripes mixed in

Lizardpaw - pale brown tabby she-cat with a white underbelly and white paws

Cedarpaw - large dark gray tom

Fogpaw - very pale gray, almost white, tom with blind white eyes

**Queens:**
Tigerflame - dark brown tabby she-cat with amber eyes
(KITS: Sagekit, Toadkit)

Webtail - white she-cat with very thin pale gray stripes
(KITS: Ashkit, Sedgekit)

Firestorm - bright ginger she-cat with one green eye, one bright golden eye
(Expecting Mudpelt's kits)

**Elders:**
Jetclaw - black tabby tom with sharp, curving claws

Crookedtail - stumpy-tailed tabby tom with yellow eyes

* * *

**Here is ShadowClan's allegiances! I think the Firestorm cat is a bit weird but nevertheless, I hope you enjoy! I tried to be creative with this one so there will be a lot of specific definitions. I still have time to do RiverClan, so I'll try to get it done as soon as possible so I can get started on the Prologue!**
***"Let your inner cat shine through!"***
***-WarriorCatsCollab***

# Allegiances: RiverClan

**Leader:**
Pondstar - blue-gray she-cat with a silver-tinged muzzle

**Deputy:**
Fallowcloud - beautiful pale brown tabby she-cat with amber eyes

**Medicine Cat:**
Oceanpool - pretty ginger and white she-cat
*Apprentice,* Mistpaw

**Warriors:**
Reedstripe - lean light brown tabby tom with white paws
*Apprentice,* Graypaw

Dewsplash - pale gray she-cat with sparkling blue eyes

Rushstalk - mottled tortoiseshell tom
*Apprentice,* Echopaw

Pikefang - brown tom with long teeth that curve out under his lip

Rainshine - pale gray she-cat with darker flecks and leaf-green eyes

Troutpelt - old mottled gray-brown tom with ragged whiskers

Leopardtail - young she-cat with a dappled golden pelt like a leopard's

Morningmist - quite plump golden she-cat with creamy tabby stripes

Silvermoon - silvery tabby she-cat with soft fur

Minnowfall - pale gray tom with pale yellow eyes

Twilight - dainty black tabby she-cat, former kittypet

**Apprentices:**
Mistpaw - young tom with blue-gray fur similar to Pondstar's

Graypaw - pale gray she-cat

Echopaw - large, mottled white tom with leaf-green eyes

**Queens:**
Clearwater - silvery she-cat with white splotches
(KITS: Willowkit, Otterkit)

Beechcloud - creamy white she-cat with tortoiseshell patches
(KITS: Poolkit, Flowkit)

**Elders:**
Freshbrook - once-pretty golden tabby she-cat, the oldest cat in RiverClan

Wavecrash - black she-cat with white tabby stripes

* * *

**Well, there you go! This is what RiverClan looks like . . . Anyways I'll be starting the Prologue -- and the first page of the real story -- very soon! If you didn't know, I typed this whole thing from my phone so I hope you enjoy it!**
***"Let your inner cat shine through!"***
***-WarriorCatsCollab***

# Prologue

*"She betrayed me . . . she left me, she* abandoned me, she *broke* me. And the pain that she brought upon me cannot be tolerated. She must pay. And I plan to make her do just that, once I get my paws on her . . . "

Spotted Fur was forcing each word he said out through gritted teeth. He had tried to ignore the pain, the anger, the heartbreak, that had taken root in his mind for so many moons but now . . . it was impossible. He was left with no choice but to take revenge on the cat who shattered his heart by saying that she longed for somebody else -- when she had spent all those days, in secret, with him *and only him*!

Spotted Fur's sister, Fuzzy Pelt, parted her jaws to speak, but he didn't let her as he swept on. "You *do* understand," he whispered, his voice shaky, "right?" He leaned forward, wanting to touch noses with her, but Fuzzy Pelt pulled away sharply, a horrified look on her face.

"B-But you can't!" she wailed, her leaf-green eyes wide with distress. "I know you better than any other cat, Spotted Fur. And you're not a killer. Whoever she is; let her go, let her *live.* If she did all those horrible things to you, then she clearly doesn't deserve your love. Please just don't kill her."

Fury pulsed beneath Spotted Fur's fur, hotter than flames, as he leaped to his paws, thrusting his face close to Fuzzy Pelt's. "*You're* one to speak," he hissed menacingly, feeling a tinge of triumph as his sister flinched away from him. *How could she be so heartless? So . . . **forgiving**?* He went on with his mew hardly more than a vicious whisper. "*I* was the one with my heart broken not *you.* You never understood *anything,* and you never will!"

Fuzzy Pelt's gaze was shining now, as if she were holding back tears. "You're not the same anymore," she meowed faintly. "You're not the same brother that I grew up with, that I loved, that I

*understood.* You changed." She sprang to her feet and stalked away before he could respond.

Spotted Fur stared after her, his entire body trembling with rage. Why did no cat ever understand him? Shaking his head, he managed to take control over his emotions and slowly spun around.

The front door of his housefolk's den creaked loudly as Spotted Fur pushed his way out. A rush of cold air greeted him, but he ignored the chill; he was focused on his task, and nothing else. He shivered slightly as he placed his paws onto the stone paths that criss-crossed through the Twolegplace, for it was as cold as ice.

Spotted Fur hurried through the dark, twisting allies. Seeing as it was late at night, no other creatures stirred in the shadows and made his journey out of his homeland easy enough. A wooden fence awaited him as he trotted out of the Twolegplace, and he knew with a thrill of excitement that beyond it was the moor.

Spotted Fur crouched down and then leaped up onto the fence, where he balanced carefully, wobbling only a bit as he stood there. He basked in the feeling of the cool wind ruffling his thick tabby-and-white fur, and it took a long pause before he turned toward the moor. He bunched his muscles in preparation to spring down, but froze when a hushed voice called his name.

"Spotted Fur!"

Spotted Fur whirled around, allowing his claws to slide out instinctively. He immediately recognized the white fur of Fuzzy Pelt, easily noticeable by it's brightness in the gloom. He curled his lip slightly to reveal his sharp teeth as he hissed, "What do *you* want? I don't have time for your games."

Fuzzy Pelt hesitated, seemingly taken aback by his hostile tone, before she finally spoke. "I know that nothing I say will change your mind," she said quietly, "so good luck. You might need it. And *please* come back. You may be different, but you're my brother and *I* still love you, no matter what you do. Remember that." With a swish of her fluffy tail she scrambled away, and a moment later, she disappeared from sight.

Spotted Fur gazed after her, with one question ringing in his mind: *She says that I have changed . . . but by just how much?*

The day dawned pale and cold, with a frigid breeze sweeping the moor, and Spotted Fur shivered as he padded to the top of a small hill. He stared away into the distance and, as he narrowed his amber eyes, he was able to see the dark outline of the heather boundary. It wasn't too far now; he would arrive there long before the morning patrols were sent out.

Spotted Fur shook out his thick tabby-and-white pelt to keep himself warm and continued to walk. His belly gave a loud rumble, but he ignored it. *I'll be able to eat as much as I want after I'm done with what I came for,* he thought to himself firmly and pushed away his feelings of discomfort in his stomach. *It will be soon.*

As Spotted Fur approached the camp, voices were carried to him on the cold breeze, and he immediately dove into a nearby gorse bush. Despite the fact that thorns were digging into his coat, he still scrabbled with his forepaws at the ground in front of him. Eventually he was in the center of the thicket, his fur full of thistles and his pads aching where they had scraped on rocks, but he was safe. For now.

Spotted Fur peered out through a gap between two spiky branches and saw the cats whose voices he had heard. It was Dawnheart herself, but her sleek golden tabby pelt was messy, as if she no longer bothered to groom herself, and her sky-blue eyes were dull. Next to her was a thin, tired-looking brown tabby tom, who stood so close to her that their fur brushed.

At the sight of their closeness, Spotted Fur felt a surge of fury; this must be the cat that stole Dawnheart from him and broke his heart. He extended his claws instinctively and it took all of his willpower not to attack the two. Instead, he forced himself to remain still -- for fear that they would see the bush rustling -- and pricked his ears to listen to their conversation.

"Dawnstar," the tom murmured softly, so quietly that Spotted Fur just barely heard it, and turned his head to face his mate, "I have never once doubted you, but Heatherkit is dead. However much we

miss her, ignoring your Clan to visit her burial site won't bring her back."

Spotted Fur paused. *Wait,* he realized, *did he call her Dawn**star**? Oh no . . . that can only mean one thing . . . she somehow managed to become leader of WindClan! So now she has nine lives . . . Unless she lost some?* He let out a faint sigh. Killing her would be harder than he first thought it would be.

Shaking his head, Spotted Fur tried to pay more attention to the talking cats. They had exchanged a few words and now Dawnstar was speaking. "I know that your intentions are of good will, but the last thing I need right now is to be fussed over. I'm not weak, and I need to show my Clan that I'm not."

Harewhisker gave her ear a lick. "It's not that you're weak. I never thought that for a heartbeat," he meowed, "but remember . . . you're on your last life now that greencough took your eighth one. I don't want to lose you. Not now, not ever."

Dawnstar relaxed. "Your concern very much honors me," she replied after a moment, "but for now, I just want to spend some time alone . . . for my last visit to Heatherkit. If you don't mind," she added quickly.

Harewhisker dipped his head. "I don't, and I will leave you in peace to do as you wish," he responded. "I shall see you back at camp soon." He nuzzled her cheek affectionately, then turned and padded away across the moor.

Spotted Fur tensed; this was what he had been waiting for! He waited for a bit to make sure that there were no cats around to hear what was about to happen, then he pulled himself out of the gorse bush. Shaking himself to get rid of the thorns, he strode toward the grieving she-cat from behind, pausing for a fleeting heartbeat to enjoy his absolute control over the situation.

Suddenly, Dawnstar's head jerked up and she whirled around, a bewildered look on her face. "Spotted Fur! What are you doing here?" she gasped, then her voice hardened. "I thought I made it clear that we weren't to see each other again."

Spotted Fur blinked innocently as an idea occurred to him. She had more lives than him; simply attacking her would get him nowhere except for a bloody death. *I'll pretend that I still love her,* he told himself as he met Dawnstar's sky-blue gaze with a look of as much pain as he could force into his eyes, *then when she's off guard, I'll pounce on her. A blow to the neck will be deathly enough to take* ***all*** *of her remaining lives, however many she has.*

"I loved you, Dawnstar," Spotted Fur whispered, trying to entice her with his words and the look of agony that he played onto his face. "I loved you, and I still do. *Please.* Come back to me for my life feels . . . empty, incomplete without you."

Dawnstar softened slightly, and then let out a faint sigh. "Oh, Spotted Fur," she murmured, her voice barely more than a breath on the wintry breeze. "I still have feelings for you, you know. But I have to stay loyal to my Clan. I'm guessing that you found out that I was leader? Well, that's true, and a leader can't just betray their Clanmates."

Spotted Fur pretended to wince, as if hurt by her words. "I liked you better as Dawnpaw," he commented. "You were always so willing to sneak out and come to me." His voice dropped to a snarl. "What happened to your precious Clan then? Did having your name changed . . . change *you*?"

Dawnstar took a step back, startled by Spotted Fur's harsh words. "No!" she gasped. "Of course not! What's gotten into you? I thought you said that you still loved me!" She let out a wail of despair.

Spotted Fur sneered, knowing that it had all been a sham and that playing with Dawnstar had been as simple as he thought it would be. "I *said* that I loved you," he hissed, crouching, "but that doesn't mean anything! Words are just words. You showed me that when you promised your heart to me and then shattered mines when you became mates with that idiotic ball of fur you call Harewhisker!" He leaped forward, tired of ranting and eager to sink his teeth into the she-cat's fur.

Spotted Fur saw Dawnstar lift her fore paws defensively, but her look turned to one of confusion as he sailed over her head. Instead

he landed on her back, facing downwards, and drove his claws deep into her golden tabby pelt. He managed to perform a quick maneuver that allowed him to turn himself around so that he was gazing upwards.

By now, Dawnstar had let out a shriek of pain and was bucking desperately, in vain attempts to throw him off. She felt his paws scrabbling on her spine, cleaving out great clumps of her fur, and let out a yowl of agony. Then, the tabby-and-white tom applied a hard pressure to her throat and she fell to the ground, her killer still clinging to her back.

Just then, a patrol of cats arrived, led by Harewhisker. They had heard the screeches and had came as quickly as possible -- but it was too late. They stared down in horror at Dawnstar's limp body, with Spotted Fur's claws still driven deeply into her neck.

Harewhisker growled, "You killed her, and now it's time for *us* to kill *you*." He flicked his tail from one side to the other and silently, his Clanmates crept into a large circle around Spotted Fur, trapping him in the center.

Spotted Fur's face remained devoid of anything except for triumph. He spun around slowly on his paws, staring at each cat in turn, until his hard amber stare landed on Harewhisker. He kept a steady gaze as he spoke, meeting the brown tabby's eyes and his alone. "Go ahead, kill me then. I got what I came for. You may be able to get rid of me, but you *won't* be able to get rid of the effects of my actions. Ever."

* * *

**There we go, the Prologue of my first actual book! It was roughly 2100 words in total, not including this bold part, which is a bit long, I know. But I had to fit all of it into the Prologue, so I hope that you guys understand. Chapter One should be up by the end of today, and it won't be nearly as long as this one. Anyways I hope you are enjoying my story so far and be sure to leave *positive* feedback for me in the comments so I can make the book as good as it can be.**
***"Let your inner cat shine through!"***
***-WarriorCatsCollab***